

# The Art of Easing

## Digable Planets

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Smooth  
Smooth  
Beyond the  
Beyond the  
Automatic, systematic  
Automatic  
Complex  
Just ease it inThe feeling's right  
The music's tight  
Departing out of Crooklyn, type Saturday night  
The gear the god was rocking type way out of sight  
Limping past the projects  
Seen my man, a'ight  
Steelo type fat, solar type facts  
Later for milk and honey, get the money out this piece  
RelaxI handle streets, all type slick  
Just like a seven no ???She got moist  
Cause I gots the platinum voice  
Like syrup, for delf roaming, the New York boroughs  
As they temp our perms, plus I ride the iron worms  
Uptown across down, from the boogie with no faking  
Ghetto to my marrow, then  
Ease on back to Crooklyn  
Hold it, as loot in my timbs and army suits  
Parlayin where Malcolm stood, now brothers push they blow out  
A slicker nigga pig, dig me picking my fucking 'fro out  
Limping up the one tree fives  
The p-jects  
The eject these herbs  
That's word to green herb  
Now the curbs  
I play that like, primo supreme hustler

Nappy hair, oil slick, loyal to kick and dirty snare  
Little panther  
Answers to the nom de plum butter  
Nice, preciser rubber, slicer and cutter  
In a freshly dip state, I contemplate  
Whose avenue be making the most bacon?  
My honey gets the loot out, what's shaking  
We getting live, dreaming being in the central ave. bus stop  
Then I call bust out, wassup?

Seems that the dream team's me, Mecca the god, and Sulaiman  
If your beats is phatty And it's on  
Then I'm gone

Hey, hey, hey  
Easin in as slick as I can  
You know my motions, slimmer with no limo  
I ride the c local, and tilt my army brimmer  
Milt bless the vibes, pro symbolize  
Built with the fives, my clique then amplified  
Sounds as we ease, beneath the New York moon  
Pounds as we dip, increase these New York tunes  
It's the universe I have

Nappy and happy, June 12th, I self don't say that exists  
Imported on the ships, with irons around the fist  
Gradual to afros, black cats, and fist picks  
Still creating boogies, and the styles they want  
Now they try to move us, for the styles we flaunt  
But I, seen it sunny, plus seen rain  
Plus seen my moneys getting smoked for change  
I face left in the round up  
Pound up the god  
When the devil  
Blow to the essence  
Sinks deep down into the blue train cover

The real got surreal cause we feel you ain't a gangster  
When I was a youngster ate jazz and black  
Freedom had a pistol it was just like that  
Old earth gave me kisses to her coach and power records  
Pumas these flavors busy b mic checkin's

The crown says I'm down, from the ground up  
But what if emcee comes  
Come on, emcee go  
Easin in as slick as I can  
The feelings right  
The music's tight  
Departing out of Crooklyn, type Saturday night  
The gear the god was rocking type way out of sight  
Limping past the projects  
See my man, a'ight  
When the mic check counts  
My amounts is cash  
I don't shoot out  
I get that loot out cause I'm fresh

Hit you with the gold front grin, with diamond look  
Muhammad made em, Nikki paid him  
I was shook  
I tell an emcee in a eye blink  
That you wack as crack  
Cee-know got my back  
And we both can laughAnd for example, we swift this  
Lifted up on luck  
And for complexing, like brass and brown skin  
We of this, built this with south boogie downBronxOuts the clowns, in the suits  
With the cashI tell' em  
Pass the ruck, or get stuck by my comrade's badge  
Just like my mom and dad had it  
And did itEasin in as slick as I canQuiet please, quiet please  
Welcome to this class  
Black studies 700 the art of easing  
I'm your conductor instructor Mr. Castro  
Take a look at your syllabus  
You are required to be plushed out, and dip daily  
Guess, army suits, timbs, lugz, whatever  
Quiet please in the back, quiet please  
You will have two texts  
And finally, we are taking a field trip  
To the East Star Housing  
Projects speak perfect slang  
Black caeser, superfly, golden  
These are the images we want you portrayed in  
Please, could you be quiet Mr. Simmons  
Thank you

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